

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Memorial Day.
The cycling years again have brought
To us Memorial Day,
The gallant men who bravely fought
For us, are old and gray.
Their numbers, year by year, grow less,
And more are laid away.
Where we with flowers their graves may
dress.
On each Memorial Day.

Then bring the blossoms fair and sweet
To deck each grass-grown bed,
While, reverently, we all repeat
"Here lie our honored dead;"
Whose memory we will all reverence
Till time shall pass away,
And sacred keep with every year
A new Memorial Day.

—Selected.

Memorial Day Observance

What does "memorial" signify? The answer is, in memory of our dead or a day to decorate the graves of those we love and friends we respected, not forgetting our unknown soldier.

All nationalities and different religious denominations in churches and out in the open pay religious tribute to those who have departed to meet their Maker through the most fervent prayers, and the laying of flowers and flags on the graves of our dead is a most solemn duty accompanied by joy and tears—a joy on that day if we are in close proximity of those we loved and tears when our recollections of the past are so vividly fresh in our minds.

Memorial day is the one day in the year when the good and bad, the rich and poor, the haughty and humble, through their grief at the resting place of their beloved forget the difference of their stations in life, because here is the time and the place, where only through the name on the tombstones is there any distinction.

Little children assist in decorating the graves of those they love—perhaps a schoolmate, sister or brother, mother or father. Of all times in their lives this is the most solemn, their faces plainly indicating their seriousness, proving that the heartaches of all vary but little.

All these most human labors of love for the departed ones take place in nearly every hamlet of this great nation. Also, the meaning of Memorial day reaches wherever our people may be—around the world from the most prosperous individual to the most willful whose liberty is curtailed to the confines of their place of incarceration, because the most hardened men and women have sincere recollections when thinking of their dead.

This is the day set aside by most states of our Union to forcibly bring to our minds that those whom we loved in life and our country's heroes should not be forgotten in their lonely surroundings.

A single flower of little value placed on a grave denotes thoughtfulness or a possible sacrifice by a humble sufferer. However, value does not count, but remembrance does. This is the real meaning of the word "memorial."

May 30 is a day when in the morning at least we should refrain from doing things that create too much jollification, as this is the time when many in an official capacity and otherwise are visiting the homes of our dead, performing a most sacred duty. A little serious thought on what the day represents would mean more reverence for our dead.—I. P. Brophy, in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE ART OF PUNCTUATION is simpler today than it use to be, but a comma or two can still change the whole meaning of a sentence, as appears in the amusing interchange of telegrams that recently took place between two popular favorites of the stage. The first telegram read: "Mrs. Fiske thinks Margaret Anglin is America's finest actress." The reply was this: "Mrs. Fiske, thinks Margaret Anglin, is America's finest actress."

The result here was happier than the effort of the man whose wife cabled from Paris for advice about buying a pearl necklace for \$10,000. His reply was, "No. Price too high," but the operator left out the period.

and what part its people had played in opening the country—than any of "our own people."

Miss Wilmot went away, and during April and May she sent frequently instructions to Sally. On June 1st, she returned, and the Melborough began to learn what pageant really is.

Sally had everything ready for the first rehearsal, and the townhouse was prepared. Esther swiftly separated young and old Melborough into Puritans, Colonials, Indians and Revolutionary soldiers; and a few minutes afterwards they were rehearsing the parts that their own ancestors had played in the early history of the town.

The month of June of that year will always be remembered as the month in which Melborough discovered all its latent histrionic and musical talents and ransacked its attics for the flounced and flowered costumes of grandmother's day, and in fact for any materials that it could use to change laughing girls into prim Puritans or awkward boys into marauding Indians. It was a strenuous month, but Esther Hazel Wilmot was an experienced leader and did everything for a purpose.

The rehearsals went so well that she felt justified in announcing that there would be one day's respite before the final rehearsals with the orchestra from the city. She and Sally were sitting comfortably on Sally's piazza, discussing the last details. "Everything will go splendidly, I'm sure," said Esther, "thanks to all your hard work, Sally. But I must spend a lot of time on the final tableau this week. I've had hard time deciding on it. I think you'd better call the soldier boys for rehearsal tomorrow."

Just then Dr. Shannon came up the walk. "It certainly does look good to see you two girls calmly doing nothing," he called out heartily. "Are you all set for the pageant?"

"Yes, all set," Sally replied. "By the way, Eric, will you issue an order to the soldier boys in town? Esther wants them for rehearsal tomorrow."

Dr. Shannon looked puzzled. "We've all been demobilized, you know," he said, smiling. "I'm not issuing orders."

"Oh, well, tell, them to come, then old stickler."

"But I don't understand why you want them," said the doctor.

We need them for the final tableau, Dr. Eric," Esther explained. "I've been too busy to tell you about it. The boys are to march in from the wood; of course they won't have to rehearse for that, but the others in the pageant need them there to learn their own positions. It will be a thrillingly effective finale," Esther continued, growing more enthusiastic as she thought of it. "The sun will be going down behind the mountain. In the centre of the stage sits America—that's Sally on Eben Arnold's beautiful white horse. She's magnificent! Then come the Allies on horseback, spaced round the stage, with all the episodes of the pageant grouped; next the little children, dressed in the uniforms of the Allies, run on and find their places. Then unexpectedly the soldiers in khaki who have not appeared in any of the episodes march—in from far down in the woods and form America's escort as the Allies close in, and the whole cast—there will be about two hundred and fifty on the stage—masses and sing the final chorus. The soldiers lead America off, and the episodes follow slowly, waiting back into the shadows of the woods by the Dreams, who vanish suddenly while the audience is watching."

Esther was so much engrossed in describing the final scene, which she had planned with infinite care, that she did not notice the amused but troubled look on Dr. Shannon's face.

"What is it, Eric?" asked Sally.

"Do you have the soldiers, Miss Wilmot?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, indeed. The finale would be spoiled without them. You see, we've worked up carefully from the disturbances across the water that led our people to come here and settle, and them through the days of the early settlers and through all the stirring events in the history. The final scene would lose its point if there were no soldiers."

"The boys don't have to go anywhere on the Fourth, do they, Eric?"

"No-o, but they're tired of being exhibited so much, and I don't know that I blame them. They've certain-

ly had their share of parades and things."

"They wouldn't spoil our pageant by refusing; I'll ask them myself," cried Sally and started from the steps of the piazza as if to line up the reluctant soldiers at once.

"I don't doubt that you can persuade them," Dr. Shannon said and smiled at his wife, "but I know that except for the few veterans who are already in the pageant most of them have set their hearts on merely viewing it as spectators. I tell you they are fed up on parades and things of that sort."

"O Eric, we must have the boys!" exclaimed Sally.

"Well, all right, but Miss Wilmot had better be planning an alternative," said Sally. Esther has spent hours working out that final scene. We must have soldiers. Now don't worry, Esther," she said to her friend: "Eric and I will do something. The boys will come round all right."

"You've done the impossible so many times already, Sally!" Esther exclaimed. "And surely the boys won't spoil the pageant. I must have a guard of honor for America."

"You shall have it, Esther," replied Sally.

"Well, you've already found a pair of oxen and a stagecoach, to say nothing of the wagon of a pioneer. So I'll trust you to provide a few veterans."

The next morning Sally talked with one of the officers among the boys who had come back to Melborough. We'd do anything to oblige you, Miss Sally," the officer told her, "even if the boys are sick and tired of being exhibited as heroes. They've been paraded down a good many avenues on their way home, and it seems as if they had turned out for something at least once a week. And they'd do it again—for you, Miss Sally; but, as you know, most of them have put on flesh since they've come back, and—well, it sounds funny, but their uniforms are too small. Maybe you noticed how few men turned out in uniform on Memorial Day. Of course if you insist—"

But Sally had turned away, for she had suddenly caught sight of old Jeremiah Derby hobbling across the street. There was a look of eagerness in her eyes as she watched him come toward her.

Jeremiah Derby's name was not really Jeremiah, but folks had bestowed it on him long ago for his grumblings. Most people avoided him when they were in a hurry.

"You're coming to the pageant next week, aren't you, Uncle Jerry?" Sally called to him cheerfully.

Jeremiah stopped on the curb. "I guess it ain't no place for us old fellows," he said. "All the hurrahing is for the youngsters now that fought in trenches. We didn't know nothing about barrages. We fought hand to hand like men, not droppin' bombs from the sky, or throwin' 'em up under the water."

"Uncle Jerry," asked Sally, "how many of you are there?"

"Just me and Tom Goodnow in this town, but there's nine in the post. In good weather the boys come over from Derry and College Corners and Medina. They're all hale and hearty except Bill Holder; he's sort of pindling. Dr. Shannon's got him in the newfangled hospital with the windows open all the time. Bill was visiting his niece here in town and ate too much for the size of his stomach. I've just been to see him. He'll be out next week if he don't catch pneumonia from those open windows."

"Uncle Jerry," said Sally, and her eyes were dancing, "you come right in here to the rooms of the historical society; there's never anybody there. I want to talk to you."

Half an hour later Sally and Jeremiah came out and shook hands as they separated; both looked much more cheerfully than when they had first met.

"Esther, dear," Sally explained that evening, "I can't get my guard of honor together for rehearsal, but they'll be ready for the pageant, and I promise you that they won't spoil the final scene. Will you trust me?"

When Sally had explained at greater length, Esther looked doubtful. Experience had taught her to be wary of unrehearsed scenes, but Sally was too late now. She should have to trust her.

The great day came, and the wea-

ther was perfect. All of Melborough who were not behind the scenes were in the seats that had been built on the hillside; there they chatted with Old-Home-Day visitors and the inhabitants of the five rival towns. Automobiles had brought many summer people to the scene, and several of the city newspapers had sent reporters.

The stage on which the episodes of the pageant were to appear was a level cleared space where the woods began at the edge of the town. The characters came and went through the trees, singing and dancing or walking solemnly or stealthily according as they represented the gay villagers, the sober Puritans or the marauding Indians. Among the characters were Colonial ladies with powdered wigs, ragged Revolutionary soldiers and an emigrating farmer and his family who started on their long journey overland, leaving a white-haired grandfather alone on the deserted stage to wave a tearful farewell. There were no mistakes; everything moved smoothly. The children were spontaneously gay; the slow oxen were undisturbed by the blare of the orchestra and allowed themselves to be driven off by the women who had shouted, "We women will plough!" when the men left their fields to follow the man from Boston as he rode madly from town to town. Four gayly decorated horses drew a high-swung yellow coach upon the stage, and a Colonial bride and bridegroom were off while the wedding party remained to dance to the old English tunes. Throughout the spectacle the applause even from the visitors from the rival towns had been vigorous and genuine.

And now the sun was poised for a moment over the tree tops, ready to throw a soft light on the grand final scene. One of the little dancers had proudly led America in on her snowy charger. The Allies were grouped in a semicircle round the stage. The participants in all the episodes had gathered in groups to the tunes that had ushered them on and off. Two hundred and fifty people on the stage filled it with vivid color. The little children came fluttering on and stood beside the representatives of their nation. Then the orchestra stopped, and there was a moment of hushed silence. Esther, concealed in her prompter's box, stole a glance at Sally, who, draped in the American flag, was superbly mounted. She sat her horse proudly, and there was a rapt look on her face.

And then in the stillness of a shrill fife sounded faintly off in the woods. It came steadily nearer, and at last through the pine trees the audience caught sight of faded blue uniforms and gold-corded hats. At the head of them marched, not Jeremiah Derby, the grumbler, but Capt. Jerome Derby, hero of Gettysburg and of the Wilderness. They marched slowly, for the youngest was seventy-six years old; there were two canes and a crutch among them, but they marched! Winding through the trees they came; then they moved out upon the open green and, marching through the gayly costumed groups, wheeled into position and gave their faded battle-torn flag into the hand of America.

In a moment the whole audience was on its feet, cheering as it had not cheered before that day; and the people from the five towns cheered more lustily even than the people of Melborough. For did they not each have at least one hero in that pathetic guard of honor, so pitifully small and shabby and worn, standing there at attention in the centre of all that brilliant array! Jeremiah, stiff and straight at the head of the white horse, lot his sourness for ever as he said with trembling lip, "Uncle Jerry, I want to talk to you."

Half an hour later Sally and Jeremiah came out and shook hands as they separated; both looked much more cheerfully than when they had first met.

"Esther, dear," Sally explained that evening, "I can't get my guard of honor together for rehearsal, but they'll be ready for the pageant, and I promise you that they won't spoil the final scene. Will you trust me?"

"Trust Sally Cummings not to forget the eats," said Bob, laughing. "It's the G. A. R. men that I'm thinking of. Put on some extra frills, will you, Mrs. Puttnoff, lots of doughnuts, buckets of coffee and pie. Hope you've got pie. Pack it into baskets, and wea-

ther you? I'll send some of the boys for it in half an hour."

Bob met Dr. Shannon on the outskirts of the crowd, which all the A. E. F. boys as they come out and tell them to come to the old camping ground down by the river," he said. "I'll get those who are in war paint."

In the dressing tents behind a clump of small pine trees there was much excitement and confusion as paint and wigs were removed, disclosing familiar faces of friends and neighbors. The little group of nine in faded blue uniforms were standing at one side, uncertain what to do next. Sally had told them that there would be a supper, but now she was nowhere in sight. It had been a tiring day. The long walk and the long wait down in the woods had almost exhausted them; Sally had said that no one should see them in uniform until the proud moment of their enthusiastic reception was over, and they were tired and a little lonely amid the friendly confusion.

Bob Merrillies found the little group.

On the records of the War Department, Robert Lee Merrillies is listed as Major Merrillies, but his salute to Capt. Jerome Derby was a salute as to a superior officer. "The members of the American Expeditionary Force now in Melborough," he said, "request the honor of having you and your men as our guests at supper, sir. May we escort you to camp?"

As the men in faded blue were climbing into the waiting automobiles Major Merrillies waved aside all anxiously inquiring relatives. "They are our guests of honor," he said. "We will escort them to their homes later when the picnic is over."

Mrs. Puttnoff and Dr. Shannon had carried out their orders nobly.

The G. A. R. men walked between two long lines of veterans of the Great War to a plank table loaded not only with plenty of dainties but also with substantial food. The lines of young veterans certainly would not have passed inspection in the army. Some of the Indians had managed to discard their blankets in favor of civilized clothing, but some still wore their head feathers, and all were smeared with paint. One of the ragged immigrant lads elbowed a Colonial parson in stiff stock, and a sour-looking Puritan elder glared across at the red coat of a soldier of King George. Dr. Shannon's porch, where Sally and Esther were resting luxuriously and triumphantly, were not songs of "over there," but songs that had helped blistered feet to march long miles in the campaigns of sixty years ago.

It was Capt. Jerome Derby that gave the final touch to the events of the evening, when he rose on his shaking old legs to propose a song. "I never thought I'd be caught singing Confederate songs," he said, "but those fine boys we fought. Some of you youngsters are their sons, and how it's along time ago that we fought 'em. Let's sing Dixie!"

And as quavering old G. A. R. voices mingled with the lusty, young voices of the men of the A. E. F. and sent the tune trembling across the river, Sally and Esther looked at each other and smiled.

It was a week later when Sally was

busy returning borrowed properties

that she met Jeremiah hobbling pain-

fully across the street. With her arms

full she stopped to speak to him. "I hope the men all got home safely and are none the worse for excitement."

"Yes'm. We surely did make a hit.

Got most of the applause, didn't we?

And say, Miss Sally, those young fel-

lows, I guess they fought all right.

Wouldn't be surprised if they had lots

to contend with in those there trenches

that we didn't know nothing about

when we did our fighting—poison gas

and shrapnel and bombs comin' down

on 'em. Yes'm, they're soldiers, all

right. Young Major Merrillies drove

us home by moonlight. I guess he

came back from College Corners by daylight, all right.

"Yes'm, my rheumatiz is some worse," he continued; "this is the first day I've been out. Tom Goodnow, he's laid up with dyspepsia, his niece-in-law won't give him nothin' but thin gruel. Bill Holder's back in the hospital, but he says

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.
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EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue), is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

On April 7th, the deaf of New York, mostly of the Roman Catholic faith, honored Miss Mary J. Purtell with a Golden Jubilee, on the completion of fifty years of service to the deaf. Every creed was represented on the occasion, and addresses were made by leading men connected with churches of different creeds, for all are united in admiration of the good and benevolent work in which Miss Purtell has so long been engaged. She has always been a good friend to all the deaf, espousing their cause, comforting the afflicted, befriending the friendless, and lending a helping hand to those in need.

These are belated words of deserved praise, for the writer was at that time on the ocean; but he joined with the deaf who were with him in sending a congratulatory message.

RECENTLY it has been suggested that the conventions of the National Association of the Deaf be so timed and appointed, that they will be held at the same place and week as the conventions of the National Fraternal Society for the Deaf.

We think it would be a deplorable mistake to adopt such a suggestion.

The two organizations have entirely different objects in view.

The National Association of the Deaf is completely altruistic.

The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf is a business organization which confers individual benefits.

The one organization looks out for the rights and advantages of the deaf as citizens; the other secures them against disaster when they meet with physical injury, and when they die gives aid and monetary assistance to their beneficiaries.

The National Fraternal Society holds conventions of accredited delegates, sent by their respective lodges. Their traveling and hotel expenses are paid. They could not honorably take advantage of the Society's outlay in money to insure their attendance at its conventions, by utilizing it to give attention to affairs that do not concern the fraternal organization.

It is not necessary to point out that membership in the National Association is accorded to ladies, and that they are denied affiliation with the Fraternal Society.

To meet in convention at the same place and time, is to invite subsequent disaster for one or both organizations.

Let the "cheapness" of the plan slide; if you are anxious to assist in the well-being of your fellow deaf, it is not creditable to dodge the cost of attendance at National Association conventions, by artfully shunting it upon another organized body.

Gallaudet College

CHICAGO.

(Strenuous preparation for the Silver Jubilee having taken all the poetry out of life, please pardon us if, for once, no "poem" heads this column.)

All is ready. By the time you get this, most of you will be either on the railroad, or getting ready to entrain for the rip-snortingest, jin-dandy, gilt-edged, bang-up, good-time you ever good-timed! The Silver Jubilee.

Frat Division Number One and Number 106—first and latest—will both be on deck in their best bib and tucker. Committeemen will be at both the Sac and the Frat headquarters building, to help you find hotels, if you are not already provided for. Unescorted ladies will have our most courteous consideration. We have only one worry—a fear that the crowd will be so large that it can not possibly jam the Silent A. C. for the festival.

No. 1 and No. 106! Never before did two Division joins as one to raise the roof. And never before were three days so jammed with fun and festivity. Chairman Paddy and his husky stalwarts have done the job up proud. And what a jubilant Jubilee it will be.

The picture section of the *Sunday Tribune* of May 9th had a lovely quarter-page picture of Miss Helen Menken, in handsome colors. She is the daughter of Frederick Meinken, who has charge of one of the acts in the Silver Jubilee Vaudeville.

No, the stickler underneath does not say she is the daughter of deaf parents—darn the luck. It says: "Miss Helen Menken, who had been promised 'Lulu Belle' by David Belasco, took cash instead, and then went into 'The Makropous Secret,' wherein she plays a siren 300 years old."

With the father of Helen Menken, and the cousin of "Red" Grange, and the great Wondra himself, and dozens of brilliantly beautiful girls, that Frat Vaudeville of the 30th will certainly be worth seeing.

Those oralists are bright young fellows, bound to get ahead. Chicago Oral division No. 106 voted in seven new members at its first business meeting, May 14; making the total enrollment of this baby division 41. And it was installed April 24th. It would seem those oralists are either much smarter than the sign-taught silents, or else they are more appreciative of frank, fearless publicity, for in the space of fifteen minutes on the 15th, three of them voluntarily and eagerly hunted me up and insisted on subscribing to the national newspaper of the deaf—this DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. The three musketeers are Ralph Weber, Emanuel Mayer and Odell Ballman. They were particularly pleased with the account of the installation of No. 106. This young Ballman is the first 106 frater to leave town, his father having just accepted a high position with the Highland Park Trust Co., of Highland Park, Mich.—near Detroit.

Abe Migatz also renewed his subscription to this JOURNAL the same evening, reminding me at the time that the Hebrew League of the Deaf meets at Burns Hall every third Sunday night, for socials or "500" and bunco.

MORAL: Only live fish swim against the current; dead ones drift. Only live silents subscribe to a live paper; the dead ones are either "dead-heads," or don't care.

President Frieda Meagher is arranging for triennial reunion of the alumni of the Illinois State School of the Deaf, to be held in Jacksonville, June 17th to 20th. Col. O. C. Smith has promised free feeds, and a goodly crowd will attend, including several of the star actors and actresses at the Silver Jubilee Vaudeville—who will feature the vaudeville at Jacksonville June 19th.

Fred Sibitzky left Chicago on the 17th, sailing for a tour of Germany—which he has not seen since he left as a boy, long decades ago.

Mrs. Percival Hall, wife of the President of Gallaudet College, was the guest of Mrs. Arthur L. Roberts on the 13th, en route home after a visit in Colorado Springs. By coincidence, she left on the same train with Mrs. George Flick, who is visiting her folks in Baltimore.

Speaking of coincidences, recently Mrs. Robert Blair donated six pounds of frankfurters for the weekly dinner at all Angels'. A week later, Mrs. J. Blair (in relation to the R. Blairs) donated a whole dinner.

Mrs. Ward Small is reported to have passed through Chicago on the 11th, leaving California suddenly on receipt of a wire announcing the death of her father, somewhere up in the Michigan peninsula. Mrs. Small originally counted on coming East early in June. We are eagerly awaiting the arrival of this former queen of Chicago's silent society.

The Pas-a-Pas Club held its first regular business meeting in its new quarters, 81 West Van Buren Street, room 307, on the 8th. The new quarters is one large oblong room, where the former place contained several rooms. Rent of the old place was jumped to \$250 per month, so the change was made as a matter of necessity. Rent is less than half of \$250. The members—especially chief-carpenter Fred Hartung—will

be busy for some time, making a stage and other improvements.

The "Book-a-Month Club" of the M. E. flock were entertained on the 16th with a reading by Mrs. Meagher, of "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Spring hab kame. How do the locals invariably reckon the arrival of belated spring weather if not by the sudden let-down in the size of crowds at the Saturday night socials in the Silent A. C. and other clubs? Well, Spring must be here, for the "Hard Times Party" managed by Miss Betty Plonskinsky at the Sac, on Derby Day, saw the smallest crowd since social indoor social activities began last Fall. "Look your best in your worst," the advertisements requested, and prizes therefor were awarded Mesdames Morton Henry, Arthur Meehan, Gus Hyman, Max Himmelstein, Bernard Jacobson and Miss Tillie Cohen; also Bernard Jacobson himself.

Friends of Jay Cooke Howard, who recently delivered two excellent lectures before the Sac and the M. E. flock, state Mrs. Howard recently gave birth to a baby, which has been named Henry Fandrem Howard.

Herman Kohn is the first visitor to "blow in" for our "blow out," arriving from Akron on the 15th. James Anthony of Milwaukee spent two days in town.

Mrs. Hosea Hooper of Denton, Texas, is the latest addition to local silent circles. Hosea has a job in one of the local tire plants. Ft. Worth Frat Division sent him credentials as their official delegate to our Silver Jubilee.

The Iowa school baseball team went to Jacksonville on the 7th, and got trounced 17 to 13.

Physical Director Charles Marshall of the State school is the father of a nine-pound baby, Betty Jane, born to Mrs. Marshall in Texas, April 18th.

Mrs. Hasenstab is back from a visit to her married daughter, Grace, in Milwaukee.

Mrs. Meinken's daughter, Helen, attended the Kentucky Derby on the 15th.

Mrs. J. Gibney has been visiting her son in Kansas City for a month. Homesickness brought Raoul Rountree back from East St. Louis after nearly two years. He intends to stay here now.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, AUGUST 7, 8, 1926.

SCHAUD'S SPECIAL (Pullmans only)

Lv. St. Louis (No. 154) Sat. 4:00 P.M.

Lv. Terre Haute Sat. 8:11 P.M.

Lv. Indianapolis Sat. 10:00 P.M.

Lv. Columbus Sun. 4:00 A.M.

Ar. Pittsburgh Sun. 9:00 A.M.

ROBERTS SPECIAL (Pullmans only)

Lv. Chicago (No. 54) Sat. 8:15 P.M.

Lv. Ft. Wayne Sat. 11:38 P.M.

Lv. Canton Sun. 6:01 A.M.

Ar. Pittsburgh Sun. 9:00 P.M.

NAD SPECIAL (Pullmans and coaches)

Lv. Pittsburgh (No. 154, 54—second section)

Sun. 9:25 A.M.

Lv. Altoona Sun. 12:10 P.M.

Ar. Harrisburg Sun. 2:57 P.M.

Lv. Harrisburg Sun. 3:45 P.M.

Lv. York Sun. 4:25 P.M.

Lv. Baltimore Sun. 6:04 P.M.

Ar. Washington Sun. 7:00 P.M.

Fare, Chicago to Washington, \$27.78

Pullmans—Lower berth, \$8.25; Upper berth, \$6.60. Be sure to demand a Certificate when buying ticket, which will allow you half-fare on return trip. J. Frederick Meagher, 5627 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill., in charge of arrangements. Bill Schaub, 5917 Highland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., in charge of the St. Louis train and arrangements.

Dates ahead: May 29-30-31—N. F. S. D. SILVER JUBILEE, June 12—Bunco and "500" at both Pas and Sac. 17-20—Alumni Reunion of I. S. D., at Jacksonville. 19—Bunco and "500" at the Sac. August 14—Special train leaves for the big N. A. D. convention in Washington, D. C. Are you going? If not, why not? The round trip, all expenses, can easily be made for \$100 or less. Come on.

THE MEAGHERS.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hill were blessed with an eight pound baby girl, May 10th. Mrs. Hill and the baby at the Chicago Lying in Hospital are doing very nicely.

PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

Dioceses of Washington, and the States of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. Henry J. Pulver, General Missionary, Caton Avenue, Alexandria, Va.

Washington, D. C.—St. John's Parish

Hall, 16th and H Streets, N. W. Services every Sunday, 11:15 A.M. Holy

Communion, First Sunday of each month.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church,

Laurel and Beverley Streets. Services Second Sunday, 8 P.M. Bible Class,

other Sundays, 11 A.M.

Norfolk, Va.—St. Luke's Church, Gray and Bute Streets. Services, Second

Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Silent

Mission, St. Matthew's Church. Ser-

vices every Sunday, at 3:30 P.M.

Services by Appointment—Virginia:

Lynchburg, Roanoke, Newport News,

and Staunton, West Virginia: Parkersburg, Huntington, Charleston, Clarkesburg, Fairmont and Rompkey.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST SERVICES.

REV. OLOW HANSON, Missionary.

Seattle—First and third Sunday each month.

Vancouver and Portland—May 23d.

SOUTH CAROLINA

The Tennessee School of the Deaf at Knoxville will close on the 27th of this month. Mr. Leslie A. Elmer, who is the head teacher there, and his wife, the matron of a cottage for the little boys, will leave Knoxville, on about June 1st, for Filbert S. C., to spend a while with the latter's father, Mr. Andrew W. Smoak. We are sorry they will not be able to attend our convention at Cedar Spring, August 4th to 7th, because they have already planned to start earlier for their extended trip to the East to attend the N. A. D. convention, the exposition in Philadelphia, and visit other places in New York and elsewhere. They had a most wonderful sightseeing trip last year through the West as far as California, and also visited Mr. Elmer's father and his old home.

Mr. Willie Riddle, who is known through his proficiency in athletic games, especially basketball, at the Cedar Spring School, the Gallaudet College, and elsewhere, sprang a big surprise on us all, when he visited his little deaf sister at School on May 16th. He brought with him a pretty, attractive young hearing girl from Georgia, whom he introduced as his wife. They were married about the first part of this month. Congratulations.

The deaf and friends in this State and elsewhere will be pleased to learn that Mr. Eustace C. Smoak, formerly the instructor in the wood-working shops at the deaf schools in Jacksonville, Miss., and Cedar Spring, S. C., is well and getting along fine with his work at the Continental Furniture Co., in High Point, N. C. During the series of "Shop Nights" that were conducted by the Y. M. C. A., at its gymnasium, there was a humorous indoor ball base ball contest, called block ball game. According to the newspaper report, Mr. Eustace Smoak was the center-fielder for the "Never Sweats" team, who won the well-played game, the feature of which was two home runs by Mr. Smoak himself. Well, ought he not be dubbed the "Silent Babe Ruth?"

Mr. J. M. Frierson, one of the manual class teachers, and the instructor in the printing office at Cedar Spring, has gotten rid of his old car and is now sporting around in a brand new car (1926 Model, Ford touring), which he bought recently.

Mr. Robert Miller's father, who has been a member of the Board of Trustees for the North Carolina School for the Deaf at Morganton for 25 years, has handed in his resignation. We are looking for some change in the deaf faculty. The school is leaning toward oralism, but old Mr. Miller, having deaf children and kinfolks of his own, has been instrumental in retaining certain teachers.

Mr. D. A. Tillinghast has returned to Spartanburg from St. Petersburg, Fla., where he spent his winter with his daughter. Before long he will go to Saluda, N. C., to spend the summer with his daughter and grandchildren. He is eighty-three years old, but remarkably well and active for his age. He can walk about two miles, even through the mountains, without signs of undue fatigue. He also can dive and swim.

There is another deafman in Spartanburg by the name of Mr. Mack Cole, whose age is 85 years. Though somewhat feeble, yet he enjoys good health and his mind is clear.

Spartanburg seems to be an ideal place for centenarians, eh?

Miss Weinona Edwards, graduate of Gallaudet College last year, and who has been teaching at Cedar Spring this year, has handed her resignation to take effect at the close of the school. The reason is that she plans to get married some time this summer. The lucky man is Mr. Allen, from Texas. We understand they will make their home there. Loss for South Carolina; gain for Texas.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Great preparations are being made to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of St. Joseph's Institution for the Deaf, Eastern Boulevard and E. 177th Street, Westchester, N. Y. First on the program is a Pageant to be held on Sunday, June 6th, at 4 p.m. It will be worth seeing and will fittingly commemorate the Jubilee. St. Joseph's Alumni Association is co-operating with the Institute in the preparations and will take a prominent part in the celebration. It is expected many prominent persons will be present. On Sunday, June 20th, another celebration will be held, this time under the auspices of the Alumni. It will be a reunion and picnic. Opens at 10:30 A.M. and closes at 9:30 P.M. There will be numerous events to interest all, who attend. There will be a baseball game which will no doubt awaken memories in the old boys of the days of long ago. There will also be games, and in the evening there will be dancing. A day in the open always makes for a good appetite and ample and appetizing refreshments will be on sale. Everybody will find both affairs interesting not only on account of the fine programs prepared, but because of the opportunity to renew old acquaintances and make new ones.

The following clipping, taken from the *New York American*, will interest many, as the parents of the bride are deaf-mutes, and well known to them.

There may come a time when Helen Menken's husband will say to her:

"I didn't promise the minister a thing because I didn't know how to answer him, or understand what he was saying."

The titan-haired actress who was married yesterday by a deaf-mute minister to Humphrey Bogart, actor, in her suite at the Gramercy Park Hotel, was teasing, of course, when she made the above remark. And Bogart said:

Don't believe her. This marriage is a serious thing. We've talked about it for four years. All that time I've carried around with me the marriage license we got March 31st, 1922. But we could not wait any longer.

Miss Menken explained that the reason the Rev. John Kent, rector of St. Ann's Church in One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, performed the ceremony was because he was a deaf-mute like her own parents. Since she was a little girl she has attended St. Ann's, a very old deaf-mute church. Mr. Kent has learned to speak a little by forming his lips as others from them. But he could not hear Mr. Bogart say, "I will."

The bride said they would have no honeymoon. Bogart, twenty-six, the same age as Miss Menken, is in a Broadway show. Miss Menken will soon have a new play in rehearsal.

Plans for the wedding were started at 1 A.M. yesterday, when the actress and her fiance started calling up their friends and in tragic voices said:

"We are about to take the fatal leap."

Sunday, May 16th, was Confirmation Sunday at St. Ann's Church for the Deaf. The Rt. Rev. Arthur S. Lloyd, D.D., Bishop of New York, visited the church and laid hands on fifteen candidates in the holy rite of confirmation. The Bishop's sermon was translated by Mr. Isaac B. Gardner, Principal of the Fanwood School. The next of the service was conducted by the Rev. Frederick Burgess for the hearing people in the congregation, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Kent for the deaf congregation. The Rev. Dr. Peckham, Rector of St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, also aided in the services. The following were confirmed: Messrs. George Krekel, Edward C. Carr, Raymond McCarthy, William Burke, Charles Fitzpatrick, Clarence Madison, William Horne, George E. Harris, Mrs. Emma Schnakenberg; Misses Wanda Makowska, Beatrice Johnson, Marion Faeth, Peggy Reston, Mercedes Nordman, Eleanor Swanson.

The followers of the Builder's Trades are asking why they are never mentioned in print by the JOURNAL'S galaxy of newspaper scribes. There are many of them. A recent look-in at the one-story frame building used by the St. Joseph boys as a gym and recreation hall, was convincing proof Tom O'Neil, tall, handsome and debonair, is a master at his craft. The foundation, the A, B, C, of the architecture, in fact, every inch of the structure from roof to cellar was his handiwork, with the aid of the carpentry class of the school. Out in Flushing, L.I., you will find many a mansion that bears the imprint of Sylvester J. Fogarty's craftsmanship, and in Glen Cove, L.I., the same can be

said of his namesake, Austin J. Fogarty. Perhaps this will be an incentive for the house builders among the deaf hereabouts to let the world know they are not passed by in favor of the typo and other artists.

Gus Bernhardt and Mrs. Bernhardt are not yet through receiving the congratulations of Ephphatha friends and others over the marriage of their daughter, Miss Alma Bernhardt. The favored young man was Robert R. Beakes, an associate with Miss Alma in the Famous-Play Lasky Motion Picture Co. The happy event was solemnized at the Church of St. Raphael, West 21st St., Rev. Father Joseph Reilly tying the knot. A sister of the groom, Miss Margaret Beakes was bridesmaid. A chum of Bob's, Mr. John Wilson, was best man. A week-end trip to Atlantic City began the honeymoon, which is to be continued when vacation time comes round, with a jaunt to Hollywood contemplated.

May 11th, Mrs. Peter F. Reddington was hostess to a party of ladies of the Get-Together Club, at her residence in Brooklyn, "Michigan," was the feature of the afternoon. When the chips were called in, Mrs. Fred Berger, New Rochelle, was found to be champion, while Mrs. Jack Haff, Woodside, L.I., as runner-up, had to be content with the booby trophy. New Rochelle celebrated in honor of the winner the next day. There were other diversions besides sports, theatricals and Charleston demonstrations. A dainty luncheon was served. Among those present: Mmes. Henry Bettels, I. Goldberg, T. J. Cosgrove, J. F. O'Brien, Herman F. Beck, and petite Miss Matria Reddington.

At the junction of Bainbridge Ave. and East Fordham Road, any day between 8 A.M. and 6:30 P.M., you'll find standing in the centre of the roadway a slim-built, handsome traffic cop. To know him is an honor, and everybody around there has a passing acquaintance with Roland Bothner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bothner. A cousin of the one-time champion wrestler, if you please. His dad one of the founders of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, his mother a type of the Fanwood girl, which she owns up to be. Not forgetting he is a nephew of the late "Ted" Lounsbury. His promotion came after serving as a State Trooper, next enrolling as a rookie, and his control of the traffic has been recognized with consistent transfers up the ladder of promotion as one of New York's "Finest."

Mr. Edward Mueller, the brother of Henry and Charles Mueller, died on Friday, May 14th. About a year ago he underwent an operation, as he was unable to perform his duties in the New York Post Office, where he was employed as a clerk. The operation relieved him somewhat, but not sufficiently for him to perform the arduous duties that the Post Office position required.

He was married and leaves a wife and two children to mourn his loss. His two brothers, who are deaf, are Henry, of Rutherford, N.J., and Charles, who is the Custodian of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. The funeral took place on Saturday, May 15th, and interment was at the Lutheran Cemetery on Long Island.

There's an inkling of a lively tilt at the choice of the N.A.D., as to the next President of that body. A good many of our New York Nads would favor the elevation of Alexander L. Pach. He has the "pep" to put the organization before the public, which seems to be the desire of the Nads as a whole. Journalist, press agent, businessman and member of a long line of deaf organizations besides the long service rendered the N.A.D., his fitness for the post is not to be slighted. It is to be hoped a man like Pach will be the choice of those entrusted with picking the nominees, writes a New York correspondent.

Joe Gabriel, having overcome the effects of a lot of tinkering by a company of M.D.'s says he'll never submit to having another of his molars pulled. The last one the dentist got hold of was all awry. For a time Joe was unable to open his mouth, something like lockjaw resulting from the toothful abstracted by the molar artist. His diet for a week was only "pap," but since recovering Joe's appetite has been prodigious,

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Sturtz and little boy, Richard, leave New York City, this Saturday morning for Syracuse, visiting their old friends, the Greenbergs. Mrs. Sturtz and the kiddie will spend a month there, while Joe will stay only for the week-end.

Tom Melledy was so ill recently his removal a Brooklyn hospital was found necessary. The monotony of the hospital gave Tom a pain in his side, and back home he was taken with outlook for his recovery evidently.

The *Daily News* of Saturday, May 22d, contained a picture of Mary and Ruth Biller. The former was slashed across the cheek by a sharp instrument by Gustav Pachine, who is held in the Morrisania Court.

Founder's Day will be observed at the Gallaudet Home, Wappingers Falls, N.Y., on Saturday, June 5th. Visitors from the city will go by New York Central Railroad to Camelot or New Hamburg and take bus to the Home.

Mr. Robert McGinnis, of Sound Beach, Ct., came to the city on Sunday, the 23d, and the next day went to the Knickerbocker Hospital, to be operated on for a tumor.

On Sunday morning, May 30th, at 10:30, the Rev. Gilbert C. Bradock, deacon, will be ordained to the priesthood, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beatty (nee Campbell), of Trenton, N.J., were in New York last Sunday and made a visit to Fanwood in the morning.

On Sunday, April 14th, Mr. Lorraine Pease, of Trenton, N.J., and Miss Dora Steffins, a former pupil of Fanwood, were betrothed.

John Call, on a charge of prejury, is held in \$25,000 bond in the Bronx County jail, for the Grand Jury.

Henry C. Kohlman has gone to Chicago, to attend the Silver Jubilee of Chicago Division, No. 1, N.F.S. D.

John W. Pratt.

On Wednesday noon, May 12th, our friend, Mr. John William Pratt, died suddenly from heart failure. Only the Sunday before he was at St. Ann's Church and no one suspected his end was so near. He greeted his friends on that Sunday, after services, with his usual pleasant smile and seemed to be in good health. He underwent a severe operation a few years ago, and did not enjoy very good health afterward. His death was a complete surprise to his many friends. On Friday evening at 8 o'clock, Rev. John Kent conducted the funeral service at Mr. Pratt's late home and paid a fine tribute to his character. Mr. Pratt married Miss L. Gray forty-one years ago, and they had lived together happily. They resided at No. 1164 Fulton Street for thirty-nine years, and on Saturday his remains were taken from his home and conveyed by train to India Hills, Connecticut, where they were laid at rest in the Pratt family plot. His widow accompanied the remains.

Mr. Pratt was a machinist and in his younger days made good wages. His father was a sewing-machine manufacturer in Connecticut, and Mr. Pratt followed in the same kind of industry and held a responsible position in the Bliss Manufacturing Company in Brooklyn for many years. He leaves a widow, one brother, and a nephew and niece to mourn his demise. Mr. Pratt was always ready to help those less fortunate and was a pleasant host to all his friends who called on him. The flowers were many and beautiful and his many friends were present at the services on Friday. Mr. Pratt was seventy-five years of age. His going will be hard for his widow as they had been together for forty-one years. Mrs. Pratt has the sincere sympathy of her many friends.

"O, grave, where's thy victory? O, Death, where's thy sting? The first is but a resting place, And the last sweet peace doth bring."

R. N. S.

DIOCESE OF MARYLAND.

Rev. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary, 605 Wilson Avenue, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave., and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Service, 3:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Service, 3:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointments.

Subscribe for the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*—\$2.00 a year.

Canadian Clippings

TORONTO TIDINGS

Our Ladies' Aid Society held a meeting on May 13th, and the chief item on the programme was a report read by Mrs. Andrew S. Waggoner, of Hamilton, to receive the donation of over \$130 for our new church. The money was raised by our Hamilton friends, both deaf and hearing, by means of a quilt with their names embroidered thereon. We feel most grateful to our Hamilton friends for such generosity.

Mrs. Harry Mason was lately out on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. John Dean in Nobleton, and states that Mrs. Dean is slowly gaining strength after her recent serious operation. We trust that she will continue to gain in strength and health.

Our Epworth League has closed for the summer, to open again when October gives her party and the leaves begin to fall.

On May 14th, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason and Mrs. Otto Kuehn, with Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Pilon, of Mimico, decided to give Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott, of Long Branch, a surprise invasion of their home in honor of their natal days, which fall within a week of each other. The invader marched out and caught the couple unaware, but the laugh they had on the two soon returned from whence it came, for no sooner had they entered the Elliott home, when they were surprised to find Miss Avis Kerr, of Elmstead, with the Elliotts. She came that morning for a two weeks' visit with friends here. All had a good time that evening.

A fine sermon on the "Marvels we will be held in His Kingdom," was given at our church on May 16th, by Mr. W. R. Watt, and was given a good deal of attention. Miss Jean Wark was late out on a visit to Miss Edith Squires, in Petrolea, where she had an enjoyable time.

Miss Florence Harris, now looks younger and more charming, since she stored away her golden locks via the tonsorial route. She is a genial favorite with everybody who knows her.

Mr. George Hunter, of Belleville, was up in our midst for a few days looking for work, and at time of writing, we do not know if he has got it or not. Here's hoping, anyway.

Miss Florence Harris, now looks younger and more charming, since she stored away her golden locks via the tonsorial route. She is a genial favorite with everybody who knows her.

On May 8th, from a pleasant two weeks' sojourn with relatives and friends in Wellandport, Bismarck, Smithville and St. Catharine. She had the good luck to catch a nice batch of fish in the Chippewa River, which she brought home with her. Some angler. Ain't she?

Mr. Silas Baskerville, who thinks much of his mother, went out to see her in Aurora on May 16th.

Mrs. J. K. Mishawand Mrs. Howard Mason, daughter and daughter-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason, went to Windsor on May 6th, to attend the funeral of their uncle, the late Mr. Nelson P. Wigle, who met a tragic death on the railway the previous day, when every bone in his body was crushed. They then visited his widow accompanied by relatives in Essex, Kingsville and Detroit, before returning home on May 10th.

We were so delighted to meet our old friends and former teachers at the Belleville School, at our church service on May 16th, in the persons of Mrs. J. W. Johnston, of Belleville, and Miss Annie Mathison, of this city. Many years ago, when she was Miss A. Sawyer, Mrs. Johnston was a valuable teacher at our Alma Mater, and what a pleasure it was for her old boys and girls to meet her once more. She later married Mr. J. W. Johnston, a highly respected and influential gentleman, who later became principal of the Belleville Business College and later member of the Dominion House of Parliament for West Hastings, and who died several years ago. Mrs. Johnston still maintains her sunny disposition and uses the sign language as fluently as of yore. Miss Mathison, who was one of the best and most beloved articulation teachers the Belleville school ever had, is so universally known among the deaf that she needs no introduction. Mrs. Johnston was the guest of the Misses Annie and Bella Mathison for a week or so, and though possessed of all their faculties these three popular ladies have the deaf at heart.

Mr. Ellsworth Bowman, of the Post Office staff, commenced his three weeks annual holiday on May 16th, and with his wife left to spend the time at the latter's parental home in Brantford, where they celebrated their second wedding anniversary on May 22d. They will also visit relatives in Hamilton before they return.

As forecast, the engagement is announced of Miss Elsie Wilson to Mr. Silas Baskerville, and on June 5th the tie that binds will make them one.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason had tea on May 16th, Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott, of Long Branch, and Miss Avis Kerr, of Elmstead. Afterwards a party of friends gathered at the Mason home and spent a very sociable evening. Nowhere can one have a better time in such a way than under the friendly roof

of "Grandpa" and "Grandma" Mason's cosy home.

A very delightful social evening, under the auspices of our Ladies' Aid Society, was enjoyed by an unusual large crowd at our church on May 15th. Here they were all treated to a fine exhibition of magic tricks by a couple of hearing magicians, who held all in wonder and interest for over two hours. It was the best of this kind we have yet had. The proceeds come up to over \$20.

All sympathy is extended to Mrs. A. W. Mason in the sudden and tragic death of her brother-in-law Mr. Nelson P. Wigle, of Essex, Ont., who was stricken and instantly killed by a Michigan Central train at a crossing in that town, on May 3rd. He was sixty years of age and came from a prominent family, being a cousin of Jack Miner, the famous bird naturalist, of Kingsville, also of Miss Avis Kerr, of Elmstead. Forty-five years ago he married Miss Louisa Lewis, youngest sister of Mrs. Mason, and his only son, Warren Ambrose Wigle, is employed in the Ford Motor Co. in Detroit. Scarcely two years ago Mrs. Mason had a nephew drowned at Windsor.

Mr. Otto Sipe, of Haliburton, was in this city lately, trying to find work. Should he get it, he will bring his family here.

Mrs. Andrew S. Waggoner, of Hamilton, was in our midst for a few days recently, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Watt.

Owing to the great distance from here to Windsor and for other reasons, a straw vote among our friends here indicates that hardly more than a score will attend the forthcoming convention in the former city this June.

We are glad to say that Miss Lucy Buchan, who left here a few weeks ago, has secured a good position in Walkerville.

WYOMING WAVES

We were all shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Frank Jennings, of Sarina. He was well known and well liked by the deaf here.

Miss Jean Wark was late out on a visit to Miss Edith Squires, in Petrolea, where she had an enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Welch and daughter, of Oil City, were up this way on a visit to the Wark family, on May 14th. They are doing very well.

On May 8th, Mrs. William Wark and her daughter, Miss Jean Wark, went out to Forest on a visit to the former's mother and other relatives and enjoyed the trip very much.

OSHAWA ODDITIES

Mr. John Brown, of Toronto, was in this city recently, but what his errand was for we haven't heard.

While away in Brighton lately, Miss Lena Shannon called to see her deaf friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks and Mr. and Mrs. Parker, whom she found very well.

When T. R. Was Cook

It was when Roosevelt was staying at the Maltese Cross Ranch that he hailed Old Nitch Kinley, who was riding by one day. Outing tells the story of the subsequent proceedings in Kinley's own words:

"Come on in," says he, "and we'll have some dinner. Now," says he, "I can't bake biscuits, but I can cook meat. If you can make the biscuits, go ahead, and I'll see what I can do for the dinner."

So I made the biscuits and put them in the oven, and he cut the meat good and thick and put it in a pan to fry. Then we went outdoors.

Well, Teddy began to talk. I don't remember what he talked about, but it was interesting, and it got me going, so I began to talk. Then he talked some more, and I talked. I don't know how long we kept it up.

But suddenly we smelt something burning, and we jumped up and looked into the cabin. Say, it was so full of smoke you couldn't have told your wife from your mother-in-law three feet away. By the time we reached the stove we knew that our chances of getting any dinner were pretty slim. My biscuits and his meat were burned to cinders.

"By George!" he says. "If the boys don't bring in some venison, we'll be without any dinner!" Well, the boys, meaning Longfellow and Sylvane, did not come with any venison; so by and by we got hungry and went back and took another look at those cinder biscuits. Teddy made some coffee that took the rough spots off the biscuits, and that was all the dinner we had that day.

"If we'd talked less," I said, "we would have had more dinner."

He thought that was a great joke. He didn't seem to mind not getting his dinner. I know I didn't.

So we just went on talking. As I say, I don't know what we talked about, but it was interesting; and if there was anything wrong with the country that day, we settled it.

LONGFELLOW AND DOM PEDRO

Like King Arthur, of Britain, Dom Pedro, the last emperor of Brazil, was a goodly king." Longfellow, calling once at James T. Fields's house, told of Dom Pedro's call upon him at the Brattle Street house in Cambridge.

Longfellow, says Mrs. Field in her diary, was in fine talking mood. He spoke of the emperor's soldierly though simple bearing, and of his coming to call upon him after his dinner.

"Your Majesty, I thank you for the honor you have done me," Longfellow said, as the emperor rose to go.

"Ah, no, Longfellow, none of your nonsense," was the reply; "let us be friends together. I hope you will write to me. I will write you first, and you must promise to answer."

They walked down the garden path together, and then Longfellow raised his hat and stepped one side as the emperor was about to get into his carriage.

"No, no," protested Dom Pedro laughingly; "there you are at it again!"

Wit in the Court Room

Wit is usually out of place in a court room. Yet when it does occur it seems to shine with added brightness against the sombre background. For example, two farmers in the west of Ireland once had a dispute over some land. At last, says Sir Edward Sullivan in the Nineteenth Century, the case came into the high court.

The presiding judge at once tried to pour oil on the troubled waters, and addressing the plaintiff, said, "This is a trivial case. Why not settle it? You men have got to be neighbors all your lives. Now I suppose that apart from this trespass you consider the defendant a very decent man?"

The plaintiff scratched his head and hesitatingly replied, "Well, he is, sir, but he sometimes gets as drunk as a judge."

"You mean as drunk as a lord," remarked the president of the court.

"Yes, my lord," replied the plaintiff.

Poor Kitty!

A Kansas farmer had just built a big barn. One day as he was setting off for town he told his two sons to cut a small hole in one of the sides so that the cat could get in or out at will.

The boys cut the hole just beside the big barn door, but when the farmer returned and saw it he was much displeased.

"Why can't I depend on you boys to do a single thing right!" he exclaimed angrily. "Don't you know that hole is in the wrong place?"

"Why?" asked the boys.

The farmer fairly snorted. Leaping from the buggy, he seized the barn door and swung it open, and of course it covered the aperture.

"Now, where is your cat-hole?" he shouted. "How in the name of sense can the cat get into the barn when the door's open?"

NOT PREPARED

The old deacon was the kindest of men, deeply religious and always ready with a good word. One day while he was driving to town he overtook an Italian peddler with a large pack on his back. Stopping his horse, the deacon suggested that the man ride. The Italian carefully stored his pack in the back of the spring wagon and then climbed to the seat beside the good deacon.

"Come on in," says he, "and we'll have some dinner. Now," says he, "I can't bake biscuits, but I can cook meat. If you can make the biscuits, go ahead, and I'll see what I can do for the dinner."

So I made the biscuits and put them in the oven, and he cut the meat good and thick and put it in a pan to fry. Then we went outdoors.

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Wit is usually out of place in a court room. Yet when it does occur it seems to shine with added brightness against the sombre background. For example, two farmers in the west of Ireland once had a dispute over some land. At last, says Sir Edward Sullivan in the Nineteenth Century, the case came into the high court.

The presiding judge at once tried to pour oil on the troubled waters, and addressing the plaintiff, said, "This is a trivial case. Why not settle it? You men have got to be neighbors all your lives. Now I suppose that apart from this trespass you consider the defendant a very decent man?"

The plaintiff scratched his head and hesitatingly replied, "Well, he is, sir, but he sometimes gets as drunk as a judge."

"You mean as drunk as a lord," remarked the president of the court.

"Yes, my lord," replied the plaintiff.

Poor Kitty!

A Kansas farmer had just built a big barn. One day as he was setting off for town he told his two sons to cut a small hole in one of the sides so that the cat could get in or out at will.

The boys cut the hole just beside the big barn door, but when the farmer returned and saw it he was much displeased.

"Why can't I depend on you boys to do a single thing right!" he exclaimed angrily. "Don't you know that hole is in the wrong place?"

"Why?" asked the boys.

The farmer fairly snorted. Leaping from the buggy, he seized the barn door and swung it open, and of course it covered the aperture.

"Now, where is your cat-hole?" he shouted. "How in the name of sense can the cat get into the barn when the door's open?"

WARREN M. SMALZT,
Chairman.

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Fanwood Athletic Association

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF

AT THE

INSTITUTION GROUNDS

Monday Afternoon, May 31, 1926

From 1:30 to 6 P.M.

- | | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| 1. Basket Ball (Boys disguised as girls.) | 1. 100 Yards Dash |
| 2. Miniature Circus Show. | 2. One Mile Run |
| 3. Nail Driving (Ladies only) | 3. 440 Yards Walk |
| 4. 800 Yards Relay Race | 4. 800 Yards Relay Race |
| Winner—2 Ice Cream Cones. | 5. 220 Yards Run |
| 4. Missed Soldiers (Graduates Only.) | 6. One and a half Mile Bike Race |

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(Detroit Chapter)

PRIZE MASQUE BALL

On Saturday, November 13th, 1926

[ANNOUNCEMENT LATER]

PICNIC

OF THE

Jersey City Division, No. 91,

N. F. S. D.

Saturday, July 17, 1926

[PARTICULARS LATER.]

CHARLES J. SANFORD

Member No. 23, N. F. S. D.